Volume LXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1909 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

LINCOLN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

"My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of the Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

February 11, 1861.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1909. NUMBER 24.

Whenever I hear anyone arguing for slavery I feel an impulse to see it tried on him personally.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The "Memorial Day Annual" issued from the State Superintendent's office of Wisconsin for 1909, is a Lincoln Centennial number. The attractive pamphlet contains a hundred pages of suggestive material in prose, poetry and music. Here are selections for recitations, dialogues, suggestive programs, memorial songs with characteristic illustrations. This pamphlet should find its way to preachers' tables, Sunday-school classes, into the hands of fathers and mothers and to the shelves of Lincoln collectors.

The Lincoln centenary gives added interest to four Lincoln leaflets published by the directors of the Old South work in Boston in their large series of Old South historical leaflets. The first of these is a report of the first Lincoln and Douglas debate in 1858. This first of the seven famous joint debates which gave Lincoln a great national reputation was held at Ottawa, Ill., August 21, 1858. Both Douglas' and Lincoln's speeches are given in full in this leaflet; and there is also included Lincoln's farewell speech to his townsmen as he left Springfield for Washington in February, 1861. Like all of the leaflets, it is accompanied by careful historical notes by Mr. Mead, the editor. The second of the leaflets is a reprint of Lincoln's great address at the Cooper Institute, New York, in February, 1860. The third contains his two inaugurals, the emancipation proclamation and the Gettysburg address. The fourth gives his first message to Congress, July 4, 1861; it is his clear and thorough definition of the issues involved in the Civil War.

The Baby Republic of Cuba is at last set upon its own feet and commanded to carve out its own destiny. The infant may toddle still, but we have great hopes that it will justify the fraternal faith of the United States. The helping hand of the great Republic is a unique experiment in nation making, the noblest attempt to play the big brother known in the family of nations. The high-water mark in the story of the beneficence of the United States towards Cuba is reached in its withdrawal. In the face of the precedents of history, in defiance to the clamoring of many politicians and the hope of a few statesmen, the United States has surprised even itself by living up to its own magnanimity, for it has withdrawn according to promise. However lamentable the methods, the United States deserves credit for hoisting the flag over Cuba, but it deserves infinitely more credit for pulling that flag down, refuting thereby the jingo patriotism that clamors "where the flag once is raised it never should be lowered." The United States owes one more debt to Cuba, and that is the raising of the Maine. When this is accomplished it will probably appear that the Republic, which was big enough and old enough to know better, was stampeded into bloodshed by the mad cry of "Remember the Maine, remember the Maine." Cuba was prone and indeed Spain was arrogant and tyrannical. The United States had humanitarian obligations. It did a very right thing in a very wrong way. The appeal to arms was a confession of diplomatic imbecility and an arraignment of the economics against it of both the United States and Cuba. When the stars and stripes are lowered in the Philippines, then, and not till then, will the blunders of war be atoned for so far as history is capable of atoning. By such a treatment of the flag is "Old Glory" made more glorious.

Lincoln Steffens recently addressed "a message to the Universalist ministers of Boston," which is printed in the *Universalist Leader* for February 6. The address, together with the spirited editorial upon the same, makes this a notable number, for Mr. Steffens always has something to say, and so does the editor of the *Universalist Leader*. We cannot in a note discuss either the message or the editorial. Both are stimulating, and, to our mind, both are not only true but vital with timeliness. Mr. Steffens declares Christianity to be far more radical than either that of the socialist or the anarchist, because the Christian says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," while the socialist says nothing of the kind, neither does the anarchist. Mr. Steffens further says that "the best churches," i. e. the biggest churches, have the worst people in them. They have the sources of corruption within themselves, as was the case of the great sinners in the insurance companies. The sinners discovered in the exposure of the insurance companies had been committing felonies not knowing that they were sinning at all. The speaker exclaims, "Oh, how easy it is to take one one little step and then another and finally do big crimes." When these high insurance officials woke

up to what they had been doing, some of them died, others became insane. Mr. Steffens further told the ministers that under the present "system" if a man is going to run a railroad, he has got to corrupt the government. The editor, while admitting the power of "environment" and the tyranny of the system, still holds hard to his faith in the "good man" as the saving factor in the situation. In this case, Mr. Steffens is one of the "good men" in the cause. His diligent research and startling revealments are becoming a helpful environment and this eventually will smash the machine. This week our exchanges will be filled with Lincoln material, making of it indeed a sacramental week.

The Centennial Week

UNITY has so persistently lent its pages to Lincoln studies and, as we understand them, to the messages springing therefrom, that we give the more favored journals the right of way this week. Next week we will lend pages, so far as space permits, to report some of the exercises held in Chicago. Meanwhile, we rejoice in the mighty power of Lincoln as revealed in the growing appreciation of the great president, an appreciation that deepens as rapidly as it widens. The estimate of Lincoln in the light of the century is changing and this change is not only justified but is brought about by the more critical study of the facts which, meager as they are, are sufficient to show great storehouses of wealth in the source of Lincoln's life and splendid educational influences in the surroundings of the lad, the disciplining environment of the youth and the sanctifying ordeal of the later years. The Lincoln books continue to multiply. The two latest that have reached our table are, Chas. W. Moore's "Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls." The only regrettable thing about this attractive little book put forth by the Houghton-Mifflin Co., is the sub-title. Why "For Boys and Girls"? It is for people of all ages who are in too much of a hurry to read a fuller story, or who, having read such, will enjoy this brief summary all the more, for the story cannot be read too often. One does not tire of a life so full of epigram, story, pathos, humor and triumph.

"Lincoln, the Man of Sorrow," by Eugene W. Chaffin, is a humbler book put forth by the Lincoln Temperance Company of Chicago. Mr. Chaffin was the candidate for the presidency on the Prohibition ticket last fall. He is a well known collector of Lincoln literature and is considered authority on such matters. The appreciative estimate by Mr. Chaffin is followed by a reprint of Lincoln's address on temperance, his two inaugurals, the Gettysburg address and the Emancipation Proclamation. It is a fifty-cent book that will do good and ought to be widely distributed.

The last Sunday *Chicago Tribune* was a Lincoln number and, judged by bulk, it was a phenomenal achievement in journalism. The Monday morning issue claims that "it took more than 11,000 miles of paper weighing 1,300,000 pounds and five tons of printer's ink to issue it. The setting of the matter began at Christmas time. The printing of the supplement began January 1, and continued day and night until the day of publication. The cuts represented 28,000 square inches of zinc," and so the tale runs on for a column. All this is a notable illustration of the triumphs and the dangers of modern journalism. Necessarily there was much good matter, but the editing was necessarily careless to the point of unscrupulousness. The matter was, of course, largely written with the scissors. Quotation marks were recklessly omitted or confused, and mistakes, long since corrected, were perpetuated. For instance, one of the attractive columns leaves the reader under the impression that Nancy Hanks' grave is still unmarked and neglected, notwithstanding the fact that it marked with two memorial stones, both with an interesting history, and that the grave itself is inclosed in a strong and suitable iron fence.

But we would not be ungracious in the presence of this mountainous achievement of modern typography. The issue is already above par and if the paper upon which it is printed will endure a hundred years, which is not likely, it will prove a most surprising relic when the second centennial of Lincoln's birthday is celebrated.

However meager the biographical material may be in regard to certain important periods in Lincoln's life, his face is probably the best known as well as the most loved in modern times. Lincoln pictures are everywhere.

W. H. Fay, of DeKalb, Ill., the great Lincoln collector, has over two hundred sittings of Lincoln in his collection. This exhibit, which includes over a thousand pictures, is on exhibition this week at the Lincoln Centre, and if this number reaches its Chicago readers in time, they are urged not to lose the opportunity. The collection of lantern slides made from Mr. Fay's plates, which were exhibited last Sunday night at the Lincoln Centre by Mr. Jones, brought an audience which filled the large auditorium and many a one was unable to find seats. That collection was exhibited in the afternoon before the Sunday-school of the Forty-first St. Presbyterian Church, and will be offered at the great musical celebration on Anniversary Night at the Dexter Pavilion, where a chorus of five hundred voices will sing the old songs, and the life-flag of school children will join in the chorus. On Sunday next, Mr. Beals of Boston, Organizing Secretary of the Peace Society, will present the slides at the Chicago Commons in the afternoon and the Hull House in the evening. Six sets of these slides will be at work this week. One of them has gone to the Old South work in Boston and another is in New York City. Next Sunday morning the subject of the sermon at the Abraham Lincoln

Centre will be "Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator," and three hundred seats are reserved for representatives of the Eighth Colored Regiment of Illinois Volunteers.

But there is great danger that adulation will crowd emulation out of this Centennial. Let not the gentleness of Lincoln nor the pathos of his story, blind us to the example of the invariable Lincoln, who hated slavery, who put an end to it. He died for the rights of the black man, and those who have only social ostracism, political evasion, or something else for Lincoln's wards, the black race, have little right to mouth his words or to speak his praises. Forty years after the great proclamation, Congress refused to make appropriation for the reprinting of that Proclamation and Lincoln's two Inaugurals as a centennial tribute. The negro is still being disfranchised in blocks irrespective of merit and degrees of attainment. It is a discordant note but a worthy one found in this call signed by many promient citizens and promulgated on the centennial day.

"The celebration of the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, widespread and grateful as it may be, will fail to justify itself if it takes no note of and makes no recognition of the colored men and women to whom the great emancipator labored to assure freedom. Besides a day of rejoicing, Lincoln's birthday in 1909 should be one of taking stock of the nation's progress since 1865. How far has it lived up to the obligations imposed upon it by the Emancipation Proclamation? How far has it gone in assuring to each and every citizen, irrespective of color, the equality of opportunity and equality before the law, which underlie our American institutions and are guaranteed by the Constitution?

"If Mr. Lincoln could revisit this country in the flesh he would be disheartened and discouraged. He would learn that on January 1, 1909, Georgia has rounded out a new confederacy by disfranchising the negro after the manner of all the other Southern states. He would learn that the Supreme Court of the United States, supposedly a bulwark of American liberties, had dodged every opportunity to pass squarely upon this disfranchisement of millions, by laws avowedly discriminatory and openly enforced in such manner that the white men may vote and black men be without a vote in their government; he would discover, therefore, that taxation without representation is the lot of millions of wealth-producing American citizens, in whose hands rests the economic progress and welfare of an entire section of the country. He would learn that the Supreme Court, according to the official statement of one of its own judges in the Berea College case, has laid down the principle that if an individual state chooses it may "make it a crime for white and colored persons to frequent the same market place at the same time, or appear in an assemblage of citizens convened to consider questions of a public or political nature in which all citizens, without regard to race, are equally interested." In many states Lincoln would find justice enforced, if at all, by judges elected by one element in a community to pass upon the liberties and lives of another. He would see the black men and women, for whose freedom a hundred thousand soldiers gave their lives, set apart in trains, in which they pay first-class fares for third-class service, in railway stations and in places of entertainment, while state after state declines to do its elementary duty in preparing the negro through education for the best exercise of citizenship.

"Added to this, the spread of lawless attacks upon the negro, North, South and West—even in the Springfield, made famous by Lincoln—often accompanied by revolting brutalities, sparing neither sex, nor age nor youth, could not but shock the author of the sentiment that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

"Silence under these conditions means tacit approval. The indifference of the North is already responsible for more than one assault upon democracy, and every such attack reacts as unfavorably upon the whites as upon blacks. Discrimination once permitted cannot be bridled; recent history in the South shows that in forging chains for the negroes, the white voters are forging chains for themselves. "A house divided against itself cannot stand;" This government cannot exist half slave and half free any better today than it could in 1861. Hence we call upon all the believers in democracy to join in a national conference for the discussion of present evils, the voicing of protests, and the renewal of the struggle for civil and political liberty."

Marsa Lincoln

We was bo'n with cullah'd skins,
Marsa Lincoln,
De very worst of skins,
Marsa Lincoln,
A judgin' by de way
We been treated from de day
We was stole from Africa,
Marsa Lincoln.

Our way is hard and rough,
Marsa Lincoln,
And our prospect sad enough,
Marsa Lincoln,
But we do de best we can
For ourselves and fellow man
To lift the cruel ban,
Marsa Lincoln.

We're tremblin' all with feah,
Marsa Lincoln,
Les' our ruin should be neah,
Marsa Lincoln,
So we kneel and pray to you,
Our savior tried and true,
To once mo' help us through,
Marsa Lincoln.

You up dar next to God,
Marsa Lincoln,
We pray you break de rod,
Marsa Lincoln,
De rod you pahtly broke
By de mighty word you spoke
Dat lifted off our yoke,
Marsa Lincoln.

Our slavery, it is done,
Marsa Lincoln,
Through de glorious victory won,
Marsa Lincoln,
But our collah isn't gone
And we're still looked on with sco'n,
And de race wah still is on,
Marsa Lincoln.

You is our martyred saint,
Marsa Lincoln,
You will heah our piteous 'plaint,
Marsa Lincoln,
You'll catch de righteous call
And lift de dreadful pall
Dat's restin' on us all,
Marsa Lincoln,

So shed your sweet 'fluence o',
Marsa Lincoln,
Dis land from sho' to sho',
Marsa Lincoln,
That men think of you and think,
And drink of you and drink,
Till dey snatch us from de brink,
Marsa Lincoln.

Stir de nation to de co',
Marsa Lincoln,
Stir it up as ne'er befo',
Marsa Lincoln,
Make it think, and feel, and see!
Make it feel, and see, and be
A true Democracy!
Marsa Lincoln.

Cleves, O. W. C. Cooper.

THE PULPIT.

The Religious Education of the Young

SERMON PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 7, 1909, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?—JOHN IX. 2.

The annual gathering of the Religious Education Association, which is to convene in this city this week, invites and deserves the co-operation of the pulpit. This association, born, I believe, out of the fertile brain of the lamented Dr. Harper, is the most dignified and academic body now applying itself to the problem of the higher education of the young, which is always the religious education. College presidents, professors and ministers representing the entire range of the religious life of America, have been interested in its work. It has sought the co-operation of Jews, Protestants and Catholics. The president for this year is Dr. Francis Peabody of Harvard, an honored professor of the Cambridge Divinity School, an Unitarian minister, by descent as well as by profession; and his presence at the head of the organization has not, apparently, lessened the cordiality and ability of those who are to take part in the program, of whom a large proportion are justly and necessarily drawn from the so-called orthodox denominations.

I do not propose to enroach upon the program of this association in this sermon; I simply want to state, by way of introduction to the large meetings, a few of the conclusions at which I have arrived, and if you differ from me, after I have stated them, then,

"Let the counsel of thine own heart stand;
For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more
Than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower."

I wish to address myself particularly to fathers and mothers, those who have in charge the rearing of the young, who have assumed the responsibilities of parentage and consented to pass on the life entrusted to them. They are committed to a line of duties from which nothing can excuse them. To violate this responsibility is inevitably to bring upon themselves the condemnation of unfaithfulness, the punishment that belongs to treason. Crime in this as in any direction will sooner or later find out the criminal. To avoid these duties is a sin for which no success, grace, accomplishment, or service in other lines can make amends.

There is a blindness that will come upon the child later along through his own sinning. Let God in his abundant mercy deal with the child for that. But there is a blindness that falls upon the child through the parents' sin, and God in his infinite justice will deal with the parents for this.

My first assumption is that the ethical problems of life are fundamental and the spiritual needs of the child are the superlative needs. No matter what other things you may give to your children, no matter how carefully you may attend to their nurture and training in other directions, if you fail to give your children a moral earnestness, to clothe them with spiritual sensibilties, you will leave them in pitiable poverty, unprepared for life; you have bargained for their misery; they will become a menace instead of a help to the community which you have promised to enrich. Given the culture of books, the courtesies of polite society, abundant wealth, without an enlightened and an active conscience, and you have abundantly cursed your children and handicapped society. The more they have of those things without the central graces, the worse off they are. Any enlargement of the life of the child that does not bring about a commensurate enlargement of conscience and reverence is a blight upon the child and a curse to the community.

My second assumption is that the attention at the present time generally given to the development of the child on the higher lines of duty, reverence, obedience, in short to the religious powers and experiences, is far less than the attention given to the secondary and superficial interests of the child. Practically the parents of today spend much more time and money and show more interest in teaching their children mathematics or foreign languages than they do in teaching them of the great religious forces of the world and revealing to them the unexplored depths of their own souls. Many parents to whom society has a right to look for guidance and service have a more intimate acquaintance with the teacher who instructs their children how to dance than with those who are to teach them of the great fundamentals of morals and the profound experiences of worship. The studies of five days in the week and forty weeks in the year, for at least sixteen years of the favored child's life, represent the ambition and in most cases the realization of the intelligent father and mother in regard to the intellectual and physical development of their child. The qualifications of the teachers in grammar and history, in botany and music, are scrutinized with greatest care and schools for these subjects are supported with generous and unquestioned contributions; but when it comes to direct instruction upon the history of morals, the philosophy of religion, and the unfolding of the life that comes from the study and application of these principles, so far as any direct support is concerned it is a halting and apparently careless "Go as you please" to the child and "Teach as you can and what you like" to the teacher. For this high work a beggarly hour on Sunday morning is the only time systematically set apart during the week, and this engagement is often held too lightly, as the statistics of any Sunday-school will show. The child's lack of promptness and regularity of attendance at the Sunday-school, where morals and the great spiritual verities of history are dealt with, would ruin his record if not cause his expulsion from the day school, where reading, writing and arithmetic, the requirements of an inadequate pedagogy, are dealt with. In this school any slip of a girl, if of a pure mind and an earnest heart, God bless her! is considered an adequate substitute for father or mother, and she enters upon her thankless task without the slightest recognition of appreciation on behalf of the parents.

Now I know that the Sunday-school and other ministrations of the church are not indispensable to moral instruction, that many noble characters have been reared without such helps. But, making this admission, one must with the same breath admit that the day school is not necessary to intellectual development, that not all the children who go to public schools are educated, indeed that many have climbed to eminence on meager chances, have reached a splendid culture and become intellectual experts and

giants with little aid from text-books, recitations or school mistresses. Such was he, the noblest American. But this argument is not an adequate one for closing our schools, dismissing our teachers and saving our taxes. If we are to do without schools of morals and religion, we must look for some adequate substitutes, as we do when schools that teach mathematics, chemistry and languages are dispensed with. In the interest of the church and in the interest of the community we have a right to ask the careless parent who withdraws the child or, what amounts to the same thing, permits him to stay away from the minimum provision for such instruction,—What are you doing in your homes for the systematic development of the moral nature of your child? How much time are you giving to teach him the history of the great and noble? Is the philosophy of religion or the story of the great prophets and saviors of the race being taught there in any manner whatsoever? How many of the mothers of our land, distrusting the ability of the teacher or the methods of the Sunday-school, see to it that in some other way their children are to be informed of the great achievements of the race and introduced to the great leaders of reform, the masters of conscience?

The religious faculties, like the other faculties, are embryonic in the child. No child is born with a fully developed conscience or an adequate sense of justice. Goethe said that the one grace which no child is born with is the grace of reverence. This must always be the gift of culture. And Goethe's position is unanswerable. Every child is born into the world a delightful bit of selfishness, and selfishness is only delightful in the cradle. The baby claims everything, wants everything; it is conscious only of its own needs and interests; it is self-centered; while reverence is born out of the thought of the not-self. This comes only through training, discipline, thought, and by the divine contagion that comes from contact with the devout, the gentle and the humble.

Some children are born with musical aptitudes, but no child was ever able to play the piano at sight. Religion deals with action and concerns itself with conduct, necessarily complicated, and to be able to act wisely is a matter of deliberate culture and slow training. I believe with the careless mother or indifferent father, that religion is not in Bible lore, Christian history, or the biography of the saints; no, not even in the parable, precepts or examples of Jesus of Nazareth. But there is no one who will not admit theoretically that religion is immensely enforced by such texts and stories and that a knowledge of religious history is indispensable to one who would fully appreciate the forces of the spiritual life and the growth of man.

Now the plain, unquestioned truth is that in thousands of favored homes in Chicago and elsewhere, the elegant homes on the boulevard and the avenue, the Bible is practically a closed book, a book only to be taken down and dusted with other bric-a-brac, while any systematic and thorough study of religion, Christian or otherwise, is forbidden in the curriculum of our schools; the conclusions of the students of comparative religions are evaded and avoided in our universities outside of the theological departments, for sectarian reasons. As a result, our boys and girls who have had abundant privileges in academy, college and university enter life flippant in the presence of its solemn realities, indifferent to the sad, sweet music of humanity, unmoved oftentimes by the awful inequalities around them. Worse yet, they are oftentimes insolent to their fathers and mothers, certainly irreverent in the presence of the great shrines and the shrine consecrators of history. Still worse, children who pass high in geogaphy and grammar and affect some knowledge of philosophy, often grow up to be self-indulgent, frivolous, extravagant men and women, more skilled in making than in paying debts; they do not always tell the truth; they are not always loving and lovable; and the verdict of the psychologist and the true pedagogue is that these children were not born to this low estate; their present condition is no argument for an innate depravity; somebody is responsible for this blindness, and my text is pertinent, —"Who did sin, this child or his parents?"

Let me be fair in this matter; let the parents be heard in their own defense. What can they say in explanation of this palpably defective condition of their children? What do they say on every side? Every preacher and teacher hears their excuses every day.

First, there is the agonized plea of pre-occupation. The mother has so many things to do that she has no time for these tasks, and the father's strength must go into his business or he fails. There is no need of going into details; you know the bill of particulars. Once you admit that the interests I speak of, the religious education of the young, the ethical training of children, is a debatable question, that there are other interests that may take precedent, the case is lost. The only answer to this frantic plea of pre-occupation is that these higher claims demand the right of way; that here is the "previous engagement"; that whatever claims are neglected and whatever interests are overlooked, these are to be primal.

By this test the club woman who has time for her "programs," who studies the early settlements of Virginia, the art of the middle ages, the Pundits of India, or Norse mythology, but still has no time for a class in Sunday-school and pleads her incompetency to teach her children the story of Moses, Paul, Luther, or to discuss the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes, is guilty of gross confusion of values; she fails to discriminate between things more and things less important. The father who says, "It takes all my time and strength to make money enough to feed and clothe the children, to provide for their future shelter and bodily comfort," is already bankrupt in sense and stupid in conscience. He who drags himself home on Saturday night with an extra supply of cigars in his pocket, looking forward to a double dose of sleep on Sunday that he may renew the mad quest on Monday, will find his life narrowing as his house expands and his children a growing perplexity as his provision for their culture and social standing increases. He may get them into college, provide automobiles for them when they come home for vacation time, and get them well married and established in life, but if they carry into their establishments limp consciences and estimate their life flippantly, if they stand stolid in the presence of the sublime, if they are unmoved with a sense of the eternal and the sacred, by the starry hosts of night or the stellar glory that illumines the spiritual firmament of history, the sun of righteousness, the pleiades of virtue, the belted Orion of the moral law, they are indeed the victims of neglected parentage; they have been betrayed by their mothers, have been abandoned by their fathers at the danger-points of their earthly careers.

But here is another defense, very familiar: "We do cultivate the religious natures of our children, we do attend to their spiritual development when we surround

them with objects of refinement, hang good pictures on our walls, put good books on our shelves, give them wholesome food to eat and plenty of it, when we introduce them to good society, give them the graces of the drawing-room, dress them in such a way that they can respect themselves and command the respect of others, when we teach them science and art, put them under the tuition of good masters, submit them to the discipline of our schools. We are teaching them in these and many other ways the essence of religion; we are grounding them in morality."

It is not worth while to discuss the theoretical soundness of this claim, the validity of which no one will deny. Unfortunately, this is not a question of theory but of fact. The farmer's wife does not dispute with the child as to whether he has churned long enough to bring the butter, she simply lifts the cover and looks into the churn. So here we must face the facts. Are our children as ethical and religious as they ought to be? Are they devout, tender, obedient, helpful and, above all, earnest and self-denying under these conditions so flattering to the parent? Are their tastes simple, their habits clean, is the breath of the boys unsullied by taint of the debilitating cigar, the seductive cup? Are their lips unstained by coarse words and vulgar oaths? Are the girls proof against the seductions of the fashion plates, the absurdities and on that account the immoral and demoralizing demands of the costly styles and the silly functions? Are the boys and girls reading the best books, cherishing noble purposes, becoming acquainted with the men and movements in history that make for nobility? If not, "Who hath sinned, this child or his parents that he should be born blind?"

Again I hear another defense, a hopeful one: I am told that things are changing; that the new mother is devoting much time to "child study," "mothers' meetings," et cetera; that there is much more time given to laboratory work in the school room now than in times past, that the new mother is better than the old mother in these respects. In all this I rejoice, and still the danger-point in the life of the favored child is probably beyond the experimental or kindergarten period. The nursery is receiving much more careful study in these days than is the playground. Not infancy but adolescence is the greatest perplexity of the pedagogue and the source of greatest anxiety to the intelligent moralist. It is in this latter stage that pertness gives way to impertinence and waywardness to wilfulness. The danger-point to morals, private and public today, is at the point where the boy begins to take to the street and the girl begins to act of and for herself. The "prolongation of infancy" John Fiske declared to be "the mark and condition of civilization"; and this calls for an extension of the parents' influence, discipline and direction into the inward life of the boy and girl.

But, after all, the most common defense of the modern father and mother is the plea of helplessness, of inefficiency. In agonized tones they exclaim, "Why these accusations? We know it all, but what can we do about it?"

It is possible to preach an audience into stolidity, and oftentimes good preaching is not good for folks, unless it puts them in the way of application. "A handful of good deeds is better than a bushel of good words," said quaint George Herbert. The fathers' and mothers' cry of "What are we to do about it; where is the remedy?" calls for sympathy and co-operation, not for criticism or blame.

But you ought to have thought of your helplessness and your ignorance before the child was born; now that he is here, no questions of inefficiency or confessions of imbecility avail. However, half the physician's battle is won when a true diagnosis of the case is made, and we are in the way of the better thing, the truer life, when the solemn facts are admitted.

In escaping the severities of Puritanism, in dulling the prongs of the five points of Calvinism, we have done well, but is there not danger that we have lost much? There is still a blessed power in the book that deserves the pre-eminence of its title,—*"The Book."* We have escaped the severities of Sunday laws, which is well, but we have lost much if we miss the blessed calm, the quiet reverence, the holy family day, the communion of the fireside, and if Sunday has come to mean only added opportunities for excitement, a fresh chase for fun, the opportunity for bigger dinners, longer rides, more smoking and greater sociability.

To my mind, the problem of the religious education of the young today is a very serious one. Nothing but heroic methods will start that reform and reaction that are to save our youths from spiritual degeneracy and our nation from ethical debility.

I have already made generous admissions and am willing to make more. For argument's sake I will admit that the Sunday-schools are imperfect, defying most of the canons of the newer pedagogy; that our church services are stupid, perhaps exclusive; the sermons long, perhaps prosaic. I know that a great deal of unconscious dishonesty and spiritual self-deception lurk behind these, and still, as a matter of fact, there are no worthy substitutes provided; I see nothing better to take their place. The boys and girls who grow up with vagrant Sunday habits, who eschew the church and take to their wheels and their motors, are in danger of missing that which will save them from individual disgust, domestic infelicity and social flippancy farther along. I honor the father who thinks that the fireside should be the religious altar; that the home is the place to inculcate ethical principles and to discover spiritual forces, but alas if he undertakes to conduct such home services with a cigar in his mouth, with nothing higher than the Sunday paper before him. Some day the child will realize that he tried to associate high principles with low practices.

It was a wise saying of Channing,—"I would rather my child should be taught religious error with fervid zeal and conviction than that he should be taught religious truth listlessly and without the emotion and passion that belong to religious truths."

It is well to discuss methods, but not until we are ready to apply some method. Poor helps are better than no helps at all. Of one thing you may be perfectly sure,—no method can be made effective without work, and there is no substitute for parental consecration; there is no vicarious motherhood for the spirit any more than for the body. The mother who yields to the whims of the child, letting the "darling" go where he will or stay at home if he choose on Sunday morning, belongs to the undeveloped life of the wigwam and not to the controlled and organized society which befits the twentieth century of the Christian era. The parental judgment is an important element in the providence of God to the child.

How welcome, then, should be these wise men who come to Chicago this week to discuss the problems of the religious education of the young. Let us hope that

they will shame our Protestant laziness, rebuke the disposition to reduce religion to the minimum of inconvenience and to the maximum of luxuries, thereby making it an ever-lessening factor in our lives. May these wise men stir us with a stalwart sense of responsibility and awaken the spiritual power that makes men earnest. Advanced thought in religion is well, but only when it carries along with it advanced practices. In default of this we may exclaim with Wordsworth:

> "Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

May the meetings of this week persuade many parents to take their children into their higher confidences, to lead them in the way of their needs rather than be led in the way of childish whims. May God help the parents of Chicago to do their duty by their children. This can be done only when they confront with high sincerity, the awful question,—"Who did sin, this child or his parents that he should be born blind?"

THE STUDY TABLE

In Bookland

"Some Memories" by Robert Collyer, is a book not easily forgotten, so ripe and mellow is it, and so informed with a gentle and compelling charm. Even the frontispiece holds one by a spell—that great, kind face which is the map of his life. These memories, he tells us, stole out from the mists of time by no effort of his own, but of their own accord, as if they had been waiting for the quiet mornings when he could write them. They are all good, all tender, all beautiful, and the art of the author is so artless that one can almost feel his presence in the room—can almost hear the hearty laugh as he tells a good story, or the softened accent as he recalls the days of the civil war, or the great Chicago fire, or those intimate sorrows which touch and lacerate every long life. But all these memories, humorous or pathetic, melt into a hymn of thanksgiving for the goodness of life and the mercy of God.

Taking as a text the lines of Matthew Arnold, written on "Dover Beach"—the sea of faith which was once "at the full," but of which we now hear "only the melancholy, long-withdrawing roar,"—Marion Reed traces the courses of faith through the years. He denies, or at least doubts, the truthfulness of Arnold's insight, which has indeed been the cause of much futile regret. He selects the thirteenth century as typical of the so-called ages of faith—the age of Thomas a Kempis, of St. Francis, of cathedral building. So far from being an age of faith, it was an age of war, of poverty, of abominable wickedness—every shape of scepticism lurking beneath its smooth surface of uniformity. Our own century is much nearer the golden age than that. Indeed, never did men have greater faith in each other and in the future of the race than they have now. This little essay—"The Sea of Faith"—is one to put heart into those who imagine that faith is fading, whereas it is assuming more lovely colors every year.

Even Socialism is born anew, as we learn from an arresting little book, entitled "The Spiritual Significance of Socialism," by John Spargo—than whom no cause could have a better champion. The older socialism was almost purely economic—open to the charge of materialism—and the frankness of the lecturer disarms the critic by admitting the allegations. But it is made clear that the economic aspect is only one phase of a vast movement which is at heart spiritual, if not a religion in itself. "The torch which all the prophets from Moses to Jesus bore aloft is today being borne onward by socialist agitators," we are told. The lecture is thus not an apology but a challenge, the church on one side and religion with socialism as its protagonist on the other. The distinction of the author and the apostolic power and earnestness of his appeal command attention.

All who read "The Life of St. Francis," by Paul Sabatier, will welcome his Jowett lectures on "Modernism," delivered in London last autumn. They are by far the best popular statement of the purposes and personalities of those men in the Catholic church whose faces are turned to the future, and who are pleading for an "orientation of religion,"—that is, for more spirituality, more reality, in the dogmas and forms of their faith. Modernism, it seems, is not a philosophy, but an attitude of mind, a spirit; a movement, not a statement or a system. The great stupid public, which sees things at a distance and in the lump, set it down as a sceptical propaganda. Ecclesiastics found it convenient to take a similar view, the better to dispose of it. But Modernists will not let it be so. They are neither sceptics nor protestants, but loyal sons of the Church who refuse to have the lips of living men hushed by the dicta of dead dogmatics. The brilliant dialectics of Tyrrell recall the great days of Newman, while Loisy and Sabatier are men who care not to convince their opponents of error, but who wish to be united with them in a higher truth. It is a book well worth while.

No recent book has gripped me more firmly, by the nape of the neck as it were, than "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry," the Lyman Beecher lectures for 1908 by President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University. It is a wise book, at once searching and gentle, tender and austere, discussing the attitude of religious leaders toward new truth, the modern uses of ancient scripture, the demand for ethical leadership, the service of psychology, the direction of religious education, and the relation of the church to the college. Each one of these lectures is brim full of things to make a man put on his thinking-cap. Some of the pages recall to me a talk between Dr. Harper and Prof. Swing, to the effect that the average theological seminary is the best possible place to unfit a minister for his work. But it was the last chapter, entitled "The Education of a Minister by his Task," that got hold of me and would not let go. Listen:

> "Every congregation makes a silent and continuous demand for a certain type of preaching. There are, let us say, a thousand men and women in the congregation, and only one man in the pulpit, and the pull on the preacher often varies as the mass. The preacher ordinarily does not create his position, he is called to fill it. The office is older than the man. He finds before him a people already trained in certain conceptions of truth, certain ideals of life, and the pull of the audience on the preacher is as unremitting as the attraction of the moon upon the tides. Can he keep his rudder true? Can he persist in giving his people what they need rather than what they want? Here is the secret of the deterioration of the popular orator. He descends in soul to meet the impatient crowd. Happy is the minister who has in the pews some man or group of men who will steadily hold him to his best."

Thus a few thoughtful, spiritual listeners may achieve the higher education of their minister. In

their presence he is never tempted to stoop. Otherwise, he may lose his vision, if not his soul, and become a popular preacher. One cannot commend this book too highly, for its clear style not less than for its spiritual sagacity.

In "The Living Word," Dr. Elwood Worcester—known to us for his work in the Emmanuel movement—gives us his spiritual autobiography. He derives from Gustav Fechner, who must, from all accounts, have been "one of the greatest and least appreciated thinkers of the nineteenth century." His meeting with Fechner at Leipzig was a turning event in his life, and the present book consists of memories too vivid to be forgotten. The first part is an exposition of Fechner's "Three Motives of Faith," which Pfleiderer pronounced the best argument for God which the last century produced; while the second part has to do with the eternal life, where the gentle genius of Fechner was singularly illuminating. If the book does no more than lead others to study that teacher of faith, it will render a high service.

But here I am rambling on about religious books, as if that were the only corner of the library. Still, I cannot stop without a word for "Orthodoxy," by Gilbert Chesterson—a book of popping paradoxes and flashing epigrams. He is a most engaging acrobat, turning all manner of somersaults, and jerking some of the kinks out of our logic. Therein we learn of the suicide of thought, of the ethics of elfland, of the romance of orthodoxy, introduced by a "Defence of Everything Else," including the logic of the maniac. It is rollicking fun to read this book—a glittering book instinct with a rich humor, a fine sanity, a happy insight, and a kind of quixotic common sense.

Nor can any one ever forget "Confessio-Medici,"—a book of such charm as to defy description. Its style is a joy, so full is it of quick turns and happy surprises, like the quaintly wise and archaic style of Sir Thomas Browne. The essay on psychology, with its gentle humor and playful wisdom, lets more light through that misty subject than anything written of late. Christian Science, the author holds, is only an Eddy on the current of dogmatism, doomed to disappear, or at least to be entirely altered, with the passing of its founder. But in all such prognostications it is well to remember the saying, written in the book of the wisdom of Josh Billings, that things that are doubtful are very uncertain. All the same, this book is one to delight the soul and to touch the heart, deeply, strangely, as it reveals the inner life of a physician.

The life of Aldrich, by Greenslet, was a book I enjoyed to the full. It is a model of literary biography. After reading a sketch of Pater by the same hand, I was in a way prepared for the delicate insight, the exquisite taste, and the pervasive charm of this life-story. Aldrich was a true poet, a severe critic of himself, filing his lines until they shone like new silver. But he was an intellectual Brahmin, touched at times with a tender, melting wistfulness, but at no time dropping his plummet into the deep heart of man. It is a disappointment not to have his letters to Edwin Booth. I had a like grief in writing the life of Swing. He and Booth were close and dear friends, but neither one preserved the letters of the other. One can only smile as one reads what Aldrich has to say of Whitman—that he will live, "but it will be in a glass case or a quart of spirits in an anatomical museum." I fear that this will be true, not of Whitman, but of Aldrich—such is the irony of time!

Of stories I cannot speak at length, but I must endorse what has been said of Zona Gale's "Friendship Village." It made me feel like a Christian for three whole days. Gentleness is in its pages, and beauty, and a quaint and kindly wisdom that is half humor and half pity. And there are characters that one loves, like Calliope March, homely scenes and simple folk, and the joy of the friendly life. By all the arts of love it teaches charity, pity, and the faith that makes men faithful. Who so takes up his abode in Friendship Village will live a new life in the new years, and when he goes there will be a lonesome place in many hearts. I hastened to get the other stories of Zona Gale, and I found them all attuned to the same spirit of beauty in pity. The art of these stories is so rare that one forgets all about it—which is the highest praise.

But as a teller of tales I have found no one in many a day like Wm. J. Lock. He strikes a note unique and charming. His "Morals of Marcus" was known to me, having been read more than once. Then came "The Beloved Vagabond," the wanderings of Paragot and his little Asticot, and Blanquette, along the highways and byways of France—Paragot with his flamboyant idealism, his fantastic philosophy, his simple faith in things that ought to be true. He roams like George Borrow, he talks as Francois Villon may have talked, fiddling, singing, drinking, and giving forth golden wisdom shot through with strange whims and decorated with bits of jewelry from many a classic. His is the pathos of a man lured by a dream too fair and frail for combat with the way of the world. Therefore you love him, and he haunts you for that he embodies, it may be, some of your own fond and airy fantasies. At any rate, as I read it I said the author could not do it again.

But he has—in "Septimus," and I do not know whether I love him most for his foolish wisdom or for his wise folly. There is a touch of Barrie in Lock, with much else that is not in any one else but himself, He portrays, in the ample and leisurely fashion of Thackeray, yet in a fashion all his own, a kind of Quixotic unworldliness—that which we in this age of fact-worship despise, yet admire, if not love, even while not understanding. To be sure he does much more than this, but his central figure is, so far, always of this mold. If this does not describe it, then read "Septimus,"—and you will thank me for telling you to do so. JOSEPH NEWTON.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

David Swing, Poet-Preacher. By Joseph Newton

PRESS COMMENT.

"A book of unique and compelling charm, one of the masterly biographies of the year."—*Universalist Leader.*

"No one was better qualified to write a definitive analysis and a fascinating story of Prof. Swing. Mr. Newton is one of the most virile thinkers among western preachers, and his literary power and mental grasp are remarkable. The story of David Swing needed to be told. It is a book that will live."—*Duluth Tribune.*

"It is fourteen years since Prof. David Swing was translated from his lovely home on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, to Emmanuel's Land, and it has remained for Joseph Newton to gather the facts of his history. Those who had the inestimable privilege of knowing

Prof. Swing appreciate the delicacy and are grateful for the loyalty and ability in which Mr. Newton has performed a labor of love."—*Wm. E. Curtis.*

"Mr. Newton undertook a difficult task when he set out to portray the life and message of David Swing, and this task he has performed with skill, clearness and tenderness. He has invested his chapters with a subtlety, a dreamy, quiet repose, which was the peculiar and most striking characteristic of the great Music Hall preacher of Chicago."—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Unity.*

"Mr. Newton's book should be full of stimulus and inspiration for preachers tall enough to see over sectarian walls, while for laymen, especially if they ever heard Swing preach, will find that it brings back the very voice and homely image of the man, and revives the familiar spell that he used to throw over us in Central Music Hall. Both in content and in style the volume is worthy of its subject."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"This biographical record is a most gracious and winning portrait, occupying a place like Sargent's painting of a great and good man. The style of the volume is beyond criticism. But there is something more than style to keep this book alive. Here are countless pictures of this beautiful soul in the act of living beautifully and reverently, rescued from oblivion. Mr. Newton has avoided the weakness of eulogy in treating of a strong man's value. But he has an unerring touch which reveals the forces of his genius. He moves toward his canvas, here and there, adding color or strengthening a line, with the highest sort of reverence for what David Swing revered. It is a book of courage and it will set many a man thinking as to the investment of his power of light and leading."—*F. W. Gunsaulus in The Advance.*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO. PRICE $2.00 NET.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir: A western friend has sent me a copy of your issue for January 14. As the son of a Unitarian minister I am always interested in matters Unitarian, and am glad to see this particular number. Many of our Congregational churches are using the Studies in the Gospel of the Kingdom and seem to like them. I have begun to use them with my class of boys, as they make a convenient peg on which to hang my arguments. Their chief value is in their being an eye-opener for people who have never turned their attention to this field of work. The lessons show, plainly and clearly, what subjects need consideration. The beginner does not know what matters need attention—does not know where to begin. These studies get him started in the right direction and help to make his thinking effective. No plan of study can do more than this. The man himself must make his thinking result in action.

The religious unrest mentioned in your next paragraph furnishes the church with an opportunity whose magnitude is seen by but few. I have for some time been in correspondence with a man who left the Baptist ministry for the Unitarian because he felt that he could thus more effectively reach the working people, particularly the union people. Our opportunity with the people who work with their hands for wages is just beginning to attract attention. The moral and spiritual and intellectual dominance and leadership of the Protestant churches of America, for many years to come, will be with the church which is first to do effective work in this field. The working people are hungry for the gospel and will follow eagerly any one who seems to understand their needs.

There is a large class of people who are more easily reached by the Unitarians than by the Trinitarian churches. You have not the handicap of the heritage of fore-ordination, etc., which they have. I think your leaders see their opportunity here—certainly Dr. Eliot does.

Mr. Jones' sermons and your Foreign Notes both deal with present-day questions, and these appeal to the working people, if not to others. As one who for twenty-five years worked with his hands for wages, may I point out one or two ways in which the leaders of the church can be of great help to the working people just now?

People are estranged from the church, or fail to interest themselves in the church, because they feel that the church does not understand them—does not care for them, or does not meet their needs. We church people often claim that we have a mission to teach all mankind. If we are to teach, we should know more than our pulpit pupils, else our teaching will be mischievous. The most of our talk on current social problems is valueless because we lack clear ideas of the meaning of the terms we use. Whether we discuss the Boycott, or Class Legislation, or Socialism, or The Recognition of the Union, the same confusion of thought appears. No two people use any of these terms in exactly the same sense; and this is why the church has no clear message to the working people.

We church people are accustomed to denounce the boycott as always and everywhere bad. The college professors who write books on sociology point out with quiet amusement that every churchman practices the boycott against the liquor saloon, the gambling house and the brothel. See John Graham Brook's "Social Unrest." Now, if this is *not* the boycott, what is it? If it *is* the boycott, what is it that makes it right sometimes and wrong sometimes? We need a clear, brief, accurate definition of the essential element in the boycott that makes it right or wrong.

So of socialism. While some of us are denouncing it as the source of all evil, others are active and aggressive in spreading its doctrines. If socialism is always and everywhere wrong, we must give up our postoffice and send our mail by private agent; we must give up our public school, and each man educate his own children. This might make some of us parents see our own responsibilities a little better. If socialism is sometimes right and sometimes wrong—*when* is it right and *when* is it wrong? We need a clear statement.

So do we condemn class legislation, and class distinctions, and the organization of society on a class basis; yet we have no clear idea of what we mean by the terms. The founders of this country had reason to fear the form of social organization which prevailed in England at that time, and exerted themselves to prevent its introduction to this country. That form of social organization has never existed here: consequently we never had class legislation, in that sense of the term. This is really what we have in mind when we condemn it. But in the ordinary, dictionary meaning of the word class, society has always been organized on a class basis, and we have had class legislation in plenty. The lines of class distinctions run in

all directions, and each person belongs to more classes than he can count. That you and I are both churchmen, we belong to the same class; that you are in the Unitarian church and I in the Congregational, we are in different classes. That we are both earning our living, we are in the same class; that you earn your living as a professional man, and I as a working man, we are in different classes. We need to be able to state clearly what class distinctions are bad and what are good. As to class legislation, however it may be in Illinois, in this state churches are exempt from taxation, and their pastors are the beneficiaries of class legislation, both state and national. If class legislation is always evil, our ministers here should do something about it now, while the legislature is in session. So of the other terms. We need a clear definition of each one.

I find several references to those who have left other churches for the Unitarian. My father left the Methodists in 1866. He was pastor of the Free Congregational Church in Bloomington, Ill., from 1866 to 1870. Then for awhile he was editor of *The Liberal Christian,* New York. Possibly you remember him, the Rev. J. B. Harrison. The last thirty years of his life were spent in Franklin, N. H.

I am glad to note the effective way in which the Unitarians are reaching out after the working people. The more intimate the individual churchman can be with the individual workingman, his neighbor, the more good he can do for him. The labor committees of the various churches have a wonderful opportunity before them, if they can see it.

With best wishes for your future, both spiritual and temporal, I remain, Yours truly,

BAYARD E. HARRISON.

THROUGH CLOUD TO LIGHT.

When Rigi mount I sought to climb,
Seeking a vision all sublime,
The heavy clouds around me hung,
And shadows o'er the mountain flung.
The crystal petals wove a shroud
For rocks and crags, in silence proud;
And as I breathless looked around,
The Alpine heights seemed holy ground.
Through mists and cloud I upward gazed,
Cerulean sky I saw amazed;
I stood in awe before God's throne,
His mirrored face in brightness shone;
With soul entranced I turned away;
A glimpse of heaven I saw that day.
I stood upon the snowy peak,
So filled with God I could not speak!
I waited for the afterglow,
Its fading, rosy tints, to throw
Its halo o'er the lifted hills,
Whose glory through man's spirit thrills.
The sun had sunk to rest, I thought,
When lo! a miracle was wrought;
A cloud was lifted from his face,
His golden beams my eye could trace.
Such splendors lit the evening sky,
Its beauty brought the dear God nigh.
As from a dream my soul awoke;
It seemed as if an angel spoke:
"A vision this of life," he said—
The storm may beat upon your head,
As up life's paths you slowly creep,
And weary mount the rugged steep.
Yet, far above, God's light shall break,
Your sunset hours new glory take.
The way is brief through cloud obscure,
Sunbeams, and not the mists endure;
And when the doubt, the pain, the tears,
As you mount upward through the years,
Are left behind with shades of night,—
Then welcome Heaven's eternal light!

A. JUDSON RICH.

The Awful Day.

(*Extract from a Private Letter.*)

Abraham Lincoln was my *personal* friend. Please do not infer that I ever saw or spoke to him, for I never did, but he was the constant, immediate, and large-hearted friend of every living creature, and I am a living creature, however insignificant. I was in Nashville sitting on Capitol Hill on the day the awful news of Lincoln's assassination was received. It was a gala day in the city. A corps of soldiers was on review. They were marching down Cherry street, twenty abreast. Some one told me there were 20,000 men in that body. Distant cannon were roaring, flags were flying, bands were playing, and all were made to feel "the pomp and circumstance of war." Suddenly the soldiers were halted; flags were lowered, drums were muffled, etc. Had some one of the officers been killed? I hurried down to the hotel on the corner before which the head of the corps was halted. A gentleman stepped out on the balcony and made a silence gesture. He scarcely needed to do so, for the gravity of his demeanor, together with the anguish written on his face would have silenced all. His imminent announcement was variously anticipated in that vast body of waiting men and women, but no imagination amongst them was bold enough to conjecture the truth. There was a tear in every syllable he uttered as he tremulously said: "Our—beloved—president—has—been—assassinated—and—*is dead!*" A wave of groans and imprecations went through that vast assemblage. There was a silent contingent of men who made no sound or demonstration. One of these whose heroism was greater than his prudence, stood within five feet of me and could not help shouting: "Glory to God in the highest!" In almost the same instant the air was shivered by the sharp report of a revolver, and the poor fellow dropped dead in his tracks. No arrests! O, the pity of it all,—the man was as sincere, and noble, and brave as any of us, but his environment made him *differ* from us in his convictions—that was all. Surely these were "times that tried men's souls." The incident scarcely interrupted the speaker, who went on to recite the atrocities of the South, to which this was a "fitting culmination," etc., etc. I realized as I stood there how this "incident" would have shocked the generous and magnanimous Lincoln if he could have known it. So you will forgive me, brother, for having claimed him as my *personal* friend.

"I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding the females."

"No man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent. When the white man governs himself that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man—then that is more than self-government—that is despotism. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us; our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands, everywhere. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE BOER HOME INDUSTRIES ONCE MORE.—The "Third and final report of the Boer Home Industries and Aid Society" has just come to hand. While it is largely made up of letters from Miss Hobhouse and Miss Clara, extracts from which have appeared in these columns, these letters are given with so much greater fulness and there is so much additional matter, that one wishes the entire document might have wider circulation and notice than it is likely to receive in this country. So many UNITY readers, I know, have followed the reports of Miss Hobhouse's work with interest, that I feel justified in giving two weeks' space if necessary to this summing up, beginning with a final letter from Miss Hobhouse, which, owing probably to the illness of Mme. degli Asinelli, comes to us now for the first time.

South Africa, October 21, 1908.

The time that has passed since I last wrote has brought about a good many radical changes in our industries. It is, perhaps, easier to begin with the Free State work, which gives me very great satisfaction.

The Estimates were late in passing, which made great delay in forming my plans; but, though money was scarce, retrenchment necessary, and various items hotly discussed in Parliament, our grant was given unanimously without question—£4,500 for this year.

I spent a week at General Hertzog's, the minister responsible, and an old friend of mine, in order to thresh out the details of a scheme and help him to select a Board of Control. I advised not less than seven members, and found him willing for nine, so nine there are—men and women, the chair man or woman to be elected annually by the members of the Board.

The Board was assembled, and Mr. Gunn, Director of Education, resplendent for the occasion in a suit of our best tweed, read them their Constitution, and I gave them an epitome of the whole movement. I feel pretty confident this Board is large enough to be deliberate, and to ensure due discussion over important points. Milroy's position with regard to it is also carefully defined. Here he will not be *under* the Board, but is to be the link between it and the Minister of Education, to advise them and warn the Minister if steps should be taken of a nature he considers seriously wrong. On the other hand, Dr. Knothe, the only government official on the Board (and never to be in the chair) is periodically to inspect our schools as others, and in this way Milroy's work will also be watched.

They have chosen as secretary my old friend, Maynie Fleck, who used to work so hard with us in the camp years ago.

The government of the O. R. C., which is so easy and so generous, has also given us two nice rooms for a central depot, where all the schools can send their finished work. Miss Fleck will preside over this, and do her secretarial work on the same premises. This depot was to be opened the week I left.

The rest of my time in Bloemfontein was absorbed by the school, which I told you was started there in Lappies-dorp (*lit.*, rag-village) some months ago. Again that excellent government was to the fore, and gave rent-free the premises. After three months of spinning teaching by our old pupil, and now experienced spinning teacher, Katie v.d. Merwe, weaving began under Adriana de la Rey. She has twenty pupils, and I hope will do well. At least, as Milroy will now be much more in Bloemfontein, she should be able to get on. The schools I have handed over to the O. R. C. Board are now ten in all, as follows:

Weaving and Spinning.—Bloemfontein, Philippolis, Winburg (three schools), Ficksburg, Bethelen, Smithfield.

Spinning only.—Boshof, Brandfort, Heilbron, Buitfontein.

Several other villages have applied to have schools, but I have advised the Board to start no more, at any rate for twelve clear months. We need that time to build up the industry very carefully, standardise the work, secure a steady market, and, above all, regulate production. In fact, Philippolis, excited by its Cape Town success and the demands of many tailors and urged on by the spinners, who like to see their savings in the P. O. bank mounting fast, has worked extra hard these past four months, and the weavers, who now easily weave ten and twelve yards a day, have got through so much that £350 worth of cloth now lies at Philippolis anxiously awaiting the first touch of autumn. May it come early, for meantime we have had to plan a sort of lock-out, and I dread lest our "unemployed" should walk the streets and demand work, *a la* the English at present.

During this slack time I have put the looms at the disposal of the workers and counselled each girl to make a winter suit for herself and her family.

Philip Strauss is entirely head there now, and seems to be doing very well. He continues to take deep interest in the work and will begin shortly to be sent out to other schools to work them up. Already I have employed him at Winburg.

The S. A. C. have been reduced from 1,300 to 500 or 600, and at Philippolis this means the clearing out of an excellently built barracks, with a water mill and nice grounds. The charming government has offered me these premises if we prefer to move our school to them, and Milroy much wants to do so, on account of the water supply, the lack of which is at present such a drawback. Being outside the town, it would be easier to dispose of the dye water, which has become a bone of contention with the municipality.

(To be continued.)

M. E. H.

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